Summer Vacation--Getting There

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Summer Vacation--Getting There

Curled on the floor board of the '57 Pontiac wagon
it seems an endurance test,
to survive from one bump to another, the gas sta­
tion to the redwoods.
Over hills, my brother and sister's feet in my back
or face, and through a day and a night.
Past a myriad of mysterious emerald placards
Along the grey paths into forever to my
grandmother's and fresh air.
I breathe.

--Ackmed Shadu

Walk-in Closet

I've got some skeletons hiding in my walk-in closet
That I like to revisit every once in a while
They like to keep me well informed
They keep trying to purge my lack of style

There are monsters in my closet
And demons under the bed
Reminding me of the filth in my life
And the garbage in my head

I keep trying to walk away
But they're always catching up
And Jesus, he keeps trying to lift me up
But I'm held down by my feet of clay

My inclinations tend to lean toward my flesh
I've got cords of decay 'round my feet and hands
The road to Hell is paved with the cement of intentions grand
But this path I travel is so dark and narrow

Well, there's a bounty out and a price on my head
But you paid that price and became the bounty

Only for you may my heart bleed
Scatter these skeletons and crush my apathy

--Tim Winterstein